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Advertisement.

D A Y:

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E P I S T L E

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JOHN WILKES, of AYLESBURY, Esq.



L O N D O N,

Printed for A. MILLAR, opposite *Katharine-Street*, in the *Strand*.

MDC LXI.

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LONDON

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MDCCLXXII

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THE Editor laments that it is not in his Power to present the Public with a more perfect Copy of the following spirited Epistle. He ventures to publish this exactly as it came to his Hands, without the Knowledge or Consent of the Author, or of the Gentleman, to whom it is addressed. His sole Motive is to communicate to others the Pleasure he has received from a Work of Taste and Genius. He thinks himself secure of the Thanks of the Public, and hopes this farther Advantage will attend the present Publication, that it will soon be followed by a correct and compleat Edition from the Author's own Manuscript.

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A Land that 'e'en amid contending Arms,

Late mingled with Culture, and luxuriant Charns;

But now the hostile Scythe has bar'd her Soil,

A

And her sad Peasants flave for all their Toil.

D A Y:

What paly Imp of Fortune's now in Vogue;

A N

What forward blundering Fool was last prefer'd,

E P I S T L E

What crazy Scribler reigns the present Wit;

What stuff for Winter the two Boobies have mixt;

JOHN WILKES, of AYLESBURY, Esq.

ESCAP'D from *London* now four Moons, and more,

I greet gay *Wilkes* from *Fulda's* wasted Shore,

Where cloath'd with Woods a hundred Hills ascend,

Where Nature many a Paradise has plan'd :

B

A Land

A Land that, e'en amid contending Arms,
 Late smil'd with Culture, and luxuriant Charms;
 But now the hostile Scythe has bar'd her Soil,
 And her sad Peasants starve for all their Toil.

What News To-day?—I ask you not what Rogue;
 What paltry Imp of Fortune's now in Vogue;
 What forward blundering Fool was last preferr'd,
 By mere Pretence distinguish'd from the Herd;
 With what new Cheat the gaping Town is smit;
 What crazy Scribler reigns the present Wit;
 What Stuff for Winter the two Booths have mixt;
 What bounding Mimick grows a *Re/citer* next.
 Wave all such News: I've seen too much, my Friend,
 To stare at any Wonders of that Kind.

News, none have I: You know I never had;
 I never long'd the Day's dull Lye to spread;

I left

I left to Gossips that sweet Luxury,
 More in the Secrets of the Great than I,
 To Nurses, Midwives, all the slippery Train,
 That swallow all, and bring up all again :
 Or did I e'er a brief Event relate,
 You found it soon at length in the Gazette.

Now for the Weather—This is *England* still
 For ought I find, as good, and quite as ill.
 Even now the pond'rous Rain perpetual falls,
 Drowns every Camp, and crouds our Hospitals.
 This foaking Deluge all unstrings my Frame,
 Dilutes my Sense, and suffocates my Flame—
 'Tis that which makes these present Lines so tame.
 The parching East Wind still pursues me too—
 Is there no Climate where this Fiend ne'er flew?—
 By Heaven, it flays *Japan*, perhaps *Peru*!

It blasts all Earth with its envenom'd Breath,
That scatters Discord, Rage, Diseases, Death.
'Twas the first Plague that burst *Pandora's* Chest,
And with a livid smile fow'd all around the rest.

Heaven guard my Friend from every Plague that flies,
Still grant him Health, whence all the Pleasures rise.
But oft Diseases from slow Causes creep,
And in this Doctrine, as (thank Heaven) I'm deep,

* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *

Mean time excuse me that I sily snatch
The only Theme in which I shine your Match.

You study early : Some indulge at Night,
Their prudish Muse steals in by Candle-light,

Shy

Shy as th' *Athenian* Bird, she shuns the Day,
 And finds *December* genial more than *May*.
 But happier You who court the early Sun,
 For Morning Visits no Debauch draw on;
 Nor so the Spirits, Health, or Sight impair,
 As those that pass in the raw Midnight Air.

The Task of Breakfast o'er; that peevish, pale;
 That lounging, yawning, most ungenial Meal;
 Rush out, before those Fools rush in to worry ye,
 Whose Business is to be idle in a hurry,
 Who kill Your Time as frankly as their own,
 And feel no civil Hints e'er to be gone.
 These Flies all fairly flung, whene'er the House,
 Your Country's Business, or your Friend's, allows,
 Rush out, enjoy the Fields and the fresh Air;
 Ride, walk, or drive, the Weather foul or fair.

Yet

Yet in the torrid Months I would reverse
 This Method, leave behind both Prose and Verse;
 With the grey Dawn the Hills and Forest roam,
 And wait the sultry Noon embower'd at Home,
 While every rural Sound improves the Breeze,
 The railing Stream, the busy Rooks, and Murmur of the Bees.

You'll hardly chuse these chearful Jaunts alone—
 Except when some deep Scheme is carrying on.
 With you at *Chelsea* oft may I behold
 The hopeful Bud of Sense her Bloom unfold,
 With you I'd walk to * * * * *
 To rich, insipid, Hackney, if you will;
 With you no Matter where, while we're together,
 I scorn no Spot on Earth, and curse no Weather;

When Dinner comes, amid the various Feast,
 That crowns your genial Board, where every Guest,

Or grave, or gay, is happy, and at home;
 And none e'er sigh'd for the Mind's Elbow-room;
 I warn you still to make your chief Repast
 On one plain Dish, and trifle with the rest.

* * * * *

* * * * *

Beef, in a Fever, if your Stomach crave it,
 Ox-cheek, or mawkish Cod, be sure you have it,
 For still the Constitution, even the Cafe,
 Directs the Stomach; this informs the Taste;
 And what the Taste in her capricious Fits
 Coyly, or even indifferently admits,
 The peevish Stomach, or disdains to toil,
 Or indolently works to rapid Chyle.
 This Instinct of the Taste so seldom errs,
 That if you love, yet smart for Cucumbers,

Or Plumbs of bad Repute, you'll likely find

'Twas for you separated what Nature join'd,

The spicey Kernel here, and there the Rind.

* * * * *

'Tis strange how blindly we from Nature stray !

The only Creatures we that miss their Way !

To err is human, Man's Prerogative,

Who's too much Sense by Nature's Laws to live :

Wiser than Nature he must thwart her Plan,

And ever will be spoiling, where he can.

'Tis well he cannot Ocean change to Cream;

Nor Earth to a gilded Cake ; ^{nor e'en} ~~not e'en~~ cou'd tame

Niagara's steep Abyss to crawl down Stairs*,

Or drefs in Roses the dire *Cordelliers*† :

* Vide *Chatsworth*, 1759.

† *Les Cordelleira's des Andes* are a Chain of Hills, which run through South America.

But

But what he can he does: Well can he trim
 A charming Spot into a childish Whim;
 Can every gen'rous Gift of Nature spoil,
 And rates their Merits by his Cost and Toil.
 Whate'er the Land, whate'er the Seas produce,
 Of perfect Texture, and exalted Juice,
 He pampers, or to fulsome Fat, or drains,
 Refines, and bleaches, till no Taste remains.

* * * * *

* * * * *

Enough to fatten Fools, or drive the Dray,
 But Plagues and Death to those of finer Clay.

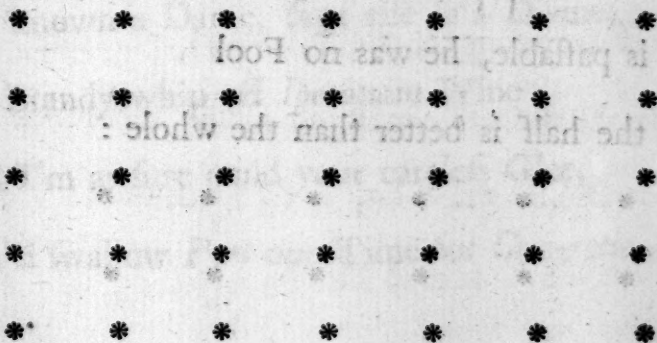
No Corner else, 'tis not to be denied,
 Of all our Isle so rankly is supplied
 With gross Productions, and adulterate Fare,
 As one renowned Abode, whose Name I spare.

They cram all Poultry, that the hungry Fox
 Would loath to touch them; e'en their boasted Ox
 Sometimes is glutted so with unctuous Spoil,
 That what seems Beef is rather Rape-seed Oil.
 D'ye know what Brawn is?—O th' unhappy Beast!
 He stands eternal, and is doom'd to feast,
 Till—But the nauseous Process I forbear—
 Only, beware of Brawn—before, beware!
 Yet Brawn has Taste—it has: Their Veal has none,
 Save what the Butcher's Breath inspires alone;
 Just Heaven one Day may send them Hail for Wheat,
 Who spoil all Veal because it should be white.
 'Tis hard to say of what compounded Paste
 Their Bread is wrought, for it betrays no Taste,
 Whether 'tis Flour and Chalk, or Chalk and Flour
 Shell'd and refin'd, till it has Taste no more;

But

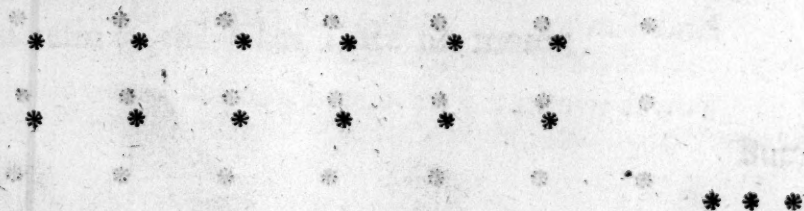
But if the Lump be white, and white enough,
 No Matter how insipid, dry, or tough.
 In Salt itself the rapid Savour fails,
 Burnt Alom for the Love of white prevails;
 While tasteless Cole-seed we for Mustard swallow,
 'Tis void of Zest indeed—but still 'tis yellow.
 Parsnip, or Parsley Root, the Rogues will soon
 Scrape for Horse-Radish, and 'twill pass unknown,
 For by the Colour, not the Taste, we prove all,
 As Hens will sit on Chalk, if 'tis but oval.

I must with Caution the Cook's Reign invade,
 Hot as the Fire, and hasty from his Trade,



A Cook of Genius, bid him roast a Hare,
 By all that's hot and horrible wou'd swear,
 Parch native Dryness! Zounds, that's not the Thing—
 But stew him, and he might half dine a King.
 His gen'rous Broth I should almost prefer
 To Turtle Soup, tho' Turtle travels far.

+ You think me nice perhaps: Yet I could dine
 On roasted Rabbit; or fat Turkey and Chine;
 Or fulsome Hasket; or most drily cram
 My Throat with tasteless Fillet and wet Ham:
 + But let me ne'er of Mutton-faddle eat,
 That solid Phantom, that most specious Cheat;
 Yet Loin is passable, he was no Fool
 Who said the half is better than the whole:



But I have cook'd and carv'd enough and more,
 We come to drinking next. 'Till Dinner's o'er,
 I would all Claret, even Champain forbear,
 Give me fresh Water——Bless me with Small-beer:
 But still whate'er you drink with cautious Lip
 Approach, survey, and e'er you swallow, sip;
 For often, O defend all honest Throats!
 The reeling Wasp on the drench'd Borage floats.
 I've known a Dame, sage else as a Divine,
 For Brandy whip off *Ipecacuan* Wine;
 And I'm as sure amid your careless Glee,
 You'll swallow *Port* one Time for *Cote-rotie*.

But

But you aware of that *Lethæan* Flood,
 Will scarce repeat the Dose——forbid you should !
 'Tis such a deadly Foe to all that's bright,
 'Twould soon encumber e'en your Fancy's Flight :
 And if 'tis true what some wise Preacher says,
 That we our gen'rous Ancestors disgrace,
 The Fault from this pernicious Fountain flows,
 Hence half our Follies, half our Crimes and Woes ;
 And ere our maudlin Genius mounts again,
 'Twill cost a Sea of Claret and Champain
 Of this retarding Glue to rinse the Nation's Brain,
 The Mud-fed Carp, refines amid the Springs,
 And Time and *Burgundy* might do great Things ;
 But Health and Pleasure we for Trade despise,
 For *Portugal's* grudg'd Gold our Genius dies.
 O hapless Race ! O Land to be bewail'd !
 With Murders, Treasons, horrid Deaths appal'd ;

Where

Where dark-red Skies with livid Thunders frown,
 While Earth convulsive shakes her Cities down ;
 Where Hell in ^{triumph} Heaven's Name holds her impious Court,
 And the Grape bleeds out that black Poison, Port ;
^a Sad Poison to themselves, to us still worse,
 Brew'd and rebrew'd, a doubled, trebled Curse.

Toss'd in the Crowd of various Rules I find,
 Still some material Business left behind :

* * * * *

The Fig, the Gooseberry, beyond all Grapes,
 Mellow to eat, as rich to drink perhaps.
 But Pleasures of this Kind are best enjoyed
 Beneath the Tree, or by the Fountain Side,
 Ere the quick Soul, and dewy Bloom exhale,
 And vainly melt into the thankless Gale.

Who from the full Meal yield to natural Rest,
 A short Repose ; 'tis strange how soon you'll find
 A second Morn rife chearful on your Mind :
 Besides it softly, kindly, sooths away
 The saddest Hour to some that damps the Day.
 But if you're coy to Sleep, before you spread
 Some easy-trotting Poet's Lines—you're dead
 At once : even these may hasten your Repose,
 Now rapid Verse, now halting nearer Prose ;
 There smooth, here rough, what I suppose you'd chuse,
 As Men of Taste hate Sameness in the Muse :

Yes,

Yes, I'd adjourn all Drinking till 'tis late,
 And then indulge, but at a moderate Rate.
 By Heaven not * * * with all his genial Wit,
 Should ever tempt me after Twelve to fit—
 You laugh—at Noon you say : I mean at Night.

I long to read your Name ^{yet once} once more again,
 But while at *Cassel*, all such Longing's vain.
 Yet *Cassel* else no sad Retreat I find,
 While good and amiable † *Gayot*'s my Friend,
 Generous and plain, the Friend of Human-kind ;
 Who scorns the little-minded's partial View ;
 One you would love, one that would relish you.
 With him sometimes I sup, and often dine,
 And find his Presence cordial more than Wine.

† Monf. de Gayot, Fils, Conseiller d'Etat, et Intendant de l'Armée
 Française en Allemagne.

There lively, genial, friendly, Goy and I,
 Touch Glasses oft to one, whose Company
 Would---but what's this?---Farewell---within two Hours
 We march for *Hoxter*---ever, ever Yours.

F I N I S.

And find his Presence cordial more than Wine.
 With him sometimes I sup, then dine
 One you would love
 Who scorns the lute
 Generous and plain,
 While good and amiable
 Yet Goy else no sad Retreat I find,
 But while at Goy, all such Longing's vain.



† Mont de Goy, fils, Conseiller d'Etat, et Intendant de l'Armée
 Française en Allemagne.

